

Christmas In Cactus Center.

WOMEN'S scarce in Cactus Center, and there isn't no bargain stores. For to start them Monday rushes that break down the stoutest doors. But we had some Christmas shopping that the town sick over yet. Just because of one small woman and a drug store toilet set.

She was Cactus Center's teacher, and she hadn't left the stage. "For she had the boys plum loaded, and I don't bar youth nor age. She was cute and smart and pretty, and she might 'a' been here yet. If it hadn't been for Dawson and his drug store toilet set.

It was old and scratched and speckled, for 'twas in his case for years. But old Dawson, sharp and clever, put a whisper in our ears: "Loved he'd sell that set at auction, and he says, 'Now, boys, you be. This'll make a hit with teacher—this here swell new toilet set.'"



IT WAS THEN BEGAN THE SHOOTING.

Well, the bidding started lively, and it got to getting hot. For every mind in Cactus on that single thing was set. Purty soon I'd staked my saddle, worth two hundred dollars net. Just to own for one short second that blamed drug store toilet set.

It was then began the shooting, no one seems to know just how. And 'twas lack of ammunition that at last broke up the row. And thirteen of us was hurt, but the worst blow that we met.

Was in finding that our bullets had gone through that toilet set. But we plugged the punctures in it, and we plugged the wounds, too. And agreed we'd arbitrate it, and the bunch 'd see it through. So we sent a gift committee, but they came back sorer yet. For the teacher 'd fluttered eastward, so we have that toilet set.

—Denver Republican.

CHRISTMAS NEAR THE POLE.

Where Seal Meat and Whale's Blubber Take Turkey's Place.

"I think Christmas, 1883, was my most memorable one," said General Greeley, the article explorer. "With my command I was proceeding southward in the hope of obtaining help, and about the 20th of October we encountered ourselves in a little hut at Cape Sabine. Our supply of food was running very low, and we were on very short rations, every one being allowed just four ounces in each twenty-four hours to sustain life. Under these depressing circumstances and amid the awful silence of the polar night the cheerfulness that we continued to maintain was remarkable.

"Christmas day came at last—Christmas in the arctic regions! At 6 o'clock we had our breakfast: thin soup made of peas, carrots, blubber and potatoes. Our Christmas dinner was served at 1 o'clock: first course, a stew of seal meat, onions, blubber, potatoes and bread crumbs; second course, served one hour after first, a stew of mince, blubber and milk; dessert, a cup of hot chocolate. One of our party had some tobacco left, and he very kindly made a cigarette for each one in our little party.

"I will wager that in all Christendom that day not another present was given or received that gave such intense delight to the recipients as did those little rolls of tobacco and paper. They were quickly aflame and being puffed away for dear life, and thus my most memorable Christmas—a Christmas near the north pole—ended in smoke."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Vacations as Christmas Presents.

In a letter to the employees of the Bourne mills of Fall River, Mass., announcing the regular profit sharing dividend on Dec. 21 last, Treasurer George A. Chase said: "The board of directors has unanimously authorized me to announce to you the experience of a vacation week in August, 1907. The mills will close Aug. 24 and reopen Sept. 3, thus allowing you ten days of rest and recreation. In lieu of regular pay you will get an extra dividend on your wages, payable just before the vacation, to the amount of 50 per cent of the average weekly wages." This promise was faithfully kept.

Trust this may be read by many sufferers from kidney and bladder trouble.

Joe King, of Woodland, Tex., "I suffered four years and could find nothing to give even temporary relief. Our druggist at last induced me to try your 30 days' treatment of Pinesol for \$1. This one bottle has cured me and money could not buy the value it has been to me. Guaranteed. Sold by Kerne-McNair Co.

Better do your holiday shopping with the money you are hoarding before the burglars get it.

—Philadelphia Press.

Passed Examinations Successfully.

James Donahue, New Britain, Conn., writes: "I tried several kidney remedies, and was treated by our best physicians for diabetes, but did not improve until I took Foley's Kidney Cure. After the second bottle I showed improvement, and five bottles cured me completely. I have since passed a rigid examination for life insurance." Foley's Kidney Cure cures back-ache and all forms of kidney and bladder trouble. Sold at Parker's Two Drug Stores.

THE THREE WISE MEN.

Who Were They?—An Unsolved Christmas Mystery.

One Christmas mystery remains unsolved. Who were the wise men of the east, the magi who followed the star of Bethlehem from afar to do homage to the newborn Saviour?

The simple story as told in the Bible is one of the most familiar in Christmas lore. Any child could recite it in detail. Painters and sculptors have made it the theme of the most inspired products of their brush and chisel. The wise men remain a mystery. A search of the great paintings in which the subject is treated produces a bewildering variety of types. There are half a hundred different Meas presented. The varying versions of the books of the ages are fair to assume from the fact that the visitors were received at court by King Herod and that they carried gifts of value that they were in our country men of royalty or close to it. Herod evidently deemed it well to treat them with deference, and he inquired though he was by their news of the comet that was to lead them to the birthplace of the Redeemer he dismissed and told them that when they had found the newborn he would return to worship with them.

Much of our information about the early days of the Christian era comes from the monks of the fourteenth century, who delved deeply into historical sources since lost to the world. Their story of the three wise men has received wide credence. According to these monks, the wise men were three great kings called Caspar, Melchior and Balthasar. Caspar was the oldest and the youngest was Melchior, from the south whose country was Tarsishish. He was twenty years old.

Impelled by some mysterious power, they dropped all the cares of state and followed a single star thirteen days and nights without eating or sleeping till it led them to Jerusalem. Then the story follows that of the Bible until they returned to their own countries.

WHEN SANTA WENT ASTRAY.

Miracle of the Leaves Repeated For Washington's Poor.

The day of miracles has not passed, according to the firm belief of a hundred or more poor people in Washington. Last Christmas day Almas temple of the Shriners gave its annual dinner to the poor. It was a well planned affair, generously contributed to, and turned out a big success. But the most notable thing about it was not on the programme and made the hit of the occasion.

While the Shriners were feeding their guests there came to their hall 150 leaves of bread. The huge six foot Santa Claus was busy cracking jokes as he waddled about and took down the gifts from the Christmas tree. In the middle of one of his stories there entered another big fat Santa Claus, carrying a colossal basket full of bread, and behind him were three or four negroes, also carrying baskets of bread. One of the Shriners committee men at once inferred that some one had sent a gift of bread to be distributed and signed a receipt for the 150 leaves. In a few minutes they were handed around to the heads of families, and an additional smile of Christmas joy went around with them.

When the festivities were nearly over and the crowd had begun to disperse a man came running in and asked:

"Did you get 150 leaves of bread?"

"We did," was the reply.

"What did you do with it?"

"Gave it away."

"Well, that was an order from the Carroll institute. It came here by mistake. But it is all right. We are glad you gave it away, and if you need more let us know," and the man went away, evidently fully satisfied with the incident.—New York Times.

Christmas Tree For Cat.

Christmas is the greatest of all festivals when the kind heart finds many ways of ministering to the joy and pleasure of others. The good women of Boston who originated and sustain the Animal Rescue league have hit upon the unique idea of a Christmas tree for the cats and dogs waiting for homes at that institution. A bush is provided and trimmed with meat and other suitable eatables for such animals, and just before they are turned into the room the members of the Kindness club are admitted to enjoy the antics of the cats.

This club is composed of boys whose ages range from eight to thirteen years and is the outcome of the league's work in a poor section of Boston. They are pledged to do some kind act each day and to protect animals from cruelty. After the cats have been fed the tree and gone to sleep the boys are given refreshments and sent home truly filled with the spirit of Christmas.—New York Mail and Express.

True Christmas Charity.

Last Christmas, says the Des Moines Register, clad in rich raiment, Mrs. Arthur Hyde, the handsome wife of a Des Moines millionaire, faced a bitter wind from noon until 5 o'clock in the afternoon holding in her hand the regulation Salvation Army turkey contribution box, which she took from the hands of Captain Mary Taylor, after telling the latter to return to the barbers, yet her dinner and remain indoors until sent for. Attracted thither by the strange spectacle, money of all denominations was dropped in the box, and when Captain Taylor came to resume her work at 5 o'clock, besides a well filled contribution box she received a large roll of bills from Mrs. Hyde's own pocketbook.

You know as well as any when you need something to regulate your system. If your bowels are sluggish, your food distresses you, your kidneys pain, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It always relieves. 50 cents, 25-cent Tablets. Parker's Two Drug Stores.

A Theatrical Santa Claus.

By JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS.

THE week before Christmas in New York, "once upon a time, not so very long ago," showed Broadway tracks through a heavy fall of snow which the street sweepers had not yet cleared away. Up and down the magic street and its companion arteries in the retail district a jostling crowd, pushing, fighting its way, sought to catch glimpses of the many treasures temptingly displayed in the shop windows. The girl from life humped elbows. The girl from the east side, coming down from the slums to view the good things—things forbidden to her pocketbook—brushed her threadbare skirts against the rail lined gown of the daughter of the rich. The almond eyed Celestial from the Chinese district mingled the optimism of his house with the delicate violet of the well dressed crowd. Children from Fifth avenue in their smart clothes edged away from squally dressed urchins with unwashed faces and uncombed hair.

There was happy contentment reflected on the faces of thousands, in contrast to the plucked, hungry, hopeless, feverish eyed faces of the other thousands so strangely mingled on the world's greatest thoroughfare.

At the Rialto theater great preparations were in progress for the production of a new comic opera. Rehearsals had been going on from early morning until midnight, day in and day out. The back of the big stage was a veritable chaos. Unfinished scenery and mysterious looking "props" were being skillfully fashioned into counterfeits of presentations of camels, for there was to be a grand march on the camel caravan across the desert. There was an elephant, too, as big as life, and on



THE TWINKLING LIGHTS ILLUMINATED THE EYES OF SANTA CLAUS.

triches and weird objects, all piled in confusion with artificial plants and floral decorations, glittering and all the thousands of old things that were being prepared for the next dazzling comic opera of the year, "The Minister of the Sahara."

The scenic artists had been working day and night for weeks, and with the "opening" now only a few days off, the managers were nervously dreading that the beautiful effects would not be finished in time. To add to this fear, Henry Granger, the artist on whom the projectors of the great spectacle had mainly depended, had succumbed to the strain of working for days and nights without sleep and scarcely stopping for anything to eat. He lay at his little cot side home, looking and raving in the delirium of typhoid fever. He had been absent from the "painter's bridge" for nearly a fortnight, and although his loss was considered serious at first, some one else had filled his place, and now he was forgotten. Scenic artists, and if any of the warm hearted stage folk had had time to think of night except the duties that weighed so heavily on each and every one they might have thought that the sick man, out of work and homeless, was in need of something for want of money. Granger was a favorite generally, and many a time had he gone down into his scant savings to help swell a contribution to some needy professional in distress. If anything ever reminded the company of Granger's absence it might have been that his little girl, an only one of seven, came no more with the artist's meals, as she used to when he painted away up there on the "bridge." She was a sweet little thing, her great blue eyes set in a thoughtful and noble face, surrounded by golden curls.

And now it was Christmas eve, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Old Pete, the stage door tender, was startled from his reveries back in the shadow of his cage by the sweet voice of a child. She had a note from mamma to Mr. Hardcraft, the manager. No, the manager was not around just then, but she could wait. He might be back any moment. Tenderly the rough old fellow led the young one to a proscenium box and, lifting her into a big upholstered chair, which she sat on, filled, bade her wait. A busy rehearsal was in progress, which the child watched with no special curiosity, for the sight was a familiar one to her, until after a succession of nods she fell asleep.

Every one on the stage was too busy to notice the mite as she rested there. One foot curled under her, her pretty face snugly pressed into the corner of the softly padded chair. Her red tam had slipped off, and her hair was loosely massed in ringlets about her face and neck. In a few minutes the stage manager abruptly stopped the evolutions and singing to announce that an hour would be given for something to eat. So there followed a hurrying to nearby cafes and lunch places, and the big theater was left dark and silent, where only a few moments previous had resounded the voices of chorus, the shouting and patter of feet and the shouts of the excited director. After awhile, one by one and in pairs and more, the company began to assemble again. There was still a good half hour, and the boys and girls of the chorus accepted the opportunity to chat and gossip and get out on boxes, bundles of carpet or even squatted on the floor of the stage, their talk causing a hum to resound throughout the big auditorium.

And still the child slept on. Suddenly there was an ominous hush as Manager Hardcraft strode upon the stage, shaking snow from his fur lined coat and shining silk hat. His keen eyes pierced the darkness toward the boxes, probably in an effort to detect any of the company who might be stealing some comfort in the box seats, a privilege strictly forbidden. He roughly demanded to know who the "kid" was asleep in one of his forty dollar chairs. Calling old Pete from his post at the back, he wanted to know who let her in, anyway. Going to the little sleeper, Pete deftly took the envelope from the little hand which still clasped it, however loosely. The great manager, having opened the note, gave it a swift glance, crunched it and, throwing it among the footlights, gave a puff at his cigar and strode hurriedly into the street. The company crowded forward to view the little intruder. Tony Thompson, the stage manager, straightened out his crumpled and read aloud:

John Hardcraft, Esq., Manager the Rialto Opera Company:

Dear Sir—I beg indulgence for thus intruding upon your time and patience. It is with reluctance I write to ask if you cannot send me a few dollars to be paid some time as my husband is able to work again. I have used all the money he has saved for the doctor's bill and to purchase medicine and our necessities. We have not had a cent in the house for two days now, and not only are we—my little daughter and myself—in need of food, but I fear that if I cannot renew the prescriptions for the medicine the doctor has ordered Mr. Granger will have a relapse. I think very much to ask this favor of you, but our condition is becoming desperate. You will be doing an act of kindness we shall never forget if you will send something to aid us in our present distress. I am, Sir, very truly, your obedient servant, HELEN GRANGER.

Some one put his hand deep into his pocket and brought up a piece of money, and then without a word there was a twinkling of eyes, quarters and halves as they glanced at the note that the fat manager had placed on the stage in front of the sleeping girl. A nice green Christmas tree, purchased without much ado from the vendor on the corner. Others had hurriedly brought little red, white and blue candles, strings of popcorn, tinsel and candy boxes, and were quickly attached to the bonny of the cedar. While this was going on Tony was giving orders in rapid succession, as follows:

"Quick, there, Jennie, bring that big Cossack coat with the fur all around the edges. Bill, run for those boots. Harry, now. Sooner than an old man's wig, long white hair, mind you, and a beard. There, that's just the thing. Here, you all stand back in the shadow. Now, girls, sing softly the music that goes with the entrance of the queen's large in the starlight. That's it—just a little softer!"

The sound of celestial music filled the place. It was dark save where the twinkling lights of the Christmas tree illumined the figure of the merry Santa Claus standing alongside, with his kindly face turned toward the slowly awakening child. She opened her eyes, glanced them again from the light, and, raised her eyes with her hair, stirred herself and then, sitting back in the big chair, sobbed aloud. Jumping down from the stage, the Santa Claus took her on his lap and tightly held her in his arms.

"What's the matter, little one? Don't you see that Santa Claus has come to take care of you?"

"Yes, I know, dear Santa, but I am crying because I am afraid I'll wake up and find it isn't real." And the trembling child held closer.

"But it is real, and you are not asleep. See this handkerchief filled with money for your dear sick papa. Now take it home, and tonight be sure to hang up your stocking, both of them, for when every little boy and girl is asleep I am going to make my rounds, and I am not going to forget you."—Atlanta Constitution.

Turkey Once a Side Dish.

Turkeys, mince pies and puddings are now regarded as the chief items in the Christmas dinner, but at one time they were mere side dishes in an enormous number of courses.

When Christmas Lasted Weeks.

Our ancestors thought nothing of taking three weeks' holiday at Christmas time.

In Norman Times.

In Norman and Sax times an ox was always roasted whole over the Yule log at Christmas.

China is Grateful.

Wilmington Star.

The Chinese government is sending special envoys to the United States to thank this country for its generous action in remitting twenty-two of the twenty-four million dollars indemnity exacted from the Celestials as payment for the expense incurred by their government in putting down the boxer uprising in 1900.

This action on the part of the United States was not only generous but eminently just. It is a notorious fact that the great powers did their best to bankrupt China as a result of the awful uprising of her rebel population seven years ago.

Had this country been obliged to send troops and ships across the Pacific in order to join the allied forces in the march to the relief of legationaries penned up in Peking, it might have cost perhaps half the sum assessed by other powers as an share of the indemnity. As it did not cost above two millions to send the troops from the Philippines, it is right and just that the excess charge should be remitted.

A tickling cough, however, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation, even to very young babes. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountain shrub, furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a refreshing plant extract, helps to heal aching lungs. The Spanish call this shrub which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Always demand Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Sold by Thomas Bros.

It is better to be deceived occasionally than to suspect everybody all the time.

ROANOKE BRICK CO.

WELDON, N. C.

Manufacturers of

BRICK OF ALL KINDS

FIRE BRICK A SPECIALTY.

Prompt attention given orders.

J. J. BETSCH.

Henderson, N. C. Local Agent.

Notice.

I HAVE QUALIFIED AS ADMINISTRATOR of the estate of Nathan Lehman, deceased, late of Vance county, this day, and I hereby notify all persons having claims against said deceased to present them to me duly verified. If not presented within twelve months this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

This, 18th November, 1907.

THOMAS L. JONES.

Administrator of Nathan Lehman, deceased.

T. T. Higgs, Attorney.

Executors' Notice.

HAVING QUALIFIED AS EXECUTORS of the estate of John W. Kittrell, deceased, late of the County of Vance, State of North Carolina, this day, we hereby give notice to all persons having claims against the said deceased to present them to us duly verified. If claims are not presented within twelve months from this date the same will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

This, 2nd day of December, 1907.

R. L. KITRELL.

Executors of John W. Kittrell, deceased.

SUNNY MONDAY SOAP.

King of all Laundry Soaps.

SUNNY MONDAY SOAP possesses such wonderful cleansing properties that less of it is required than of other soaps. Do not waste it needlessly, as one bar of SUNNY MONDAY will go as far as two bars of any other laundry soap. Test it!

For hygienic reasons, many people prefer to use hot water in washing clothes. Equally good results can be secured with SUNNY MONDAY SOAP in cold, lukewarm, hot, or any kind of water—it having a decided advantage over so-called naphtha soaps, makers of which recommend that cold water only should be used—never hot water. The reason is that naphtha evaporates and is lost when used in hot water. SUNNY MONDAY will do more work in cold water than any other laundry soap on the market—it can be used with equally good results in hot water, where many laundry soaps cannot be used at all, as acknowledged by their makers.

SUNNY MONDAY SOAP is the most economical and satisfactory laundry soap ever made.

Sold in Henderson by

PIRIE-DAVIS COMPANY.

YOUR MONEY HAS A STRING TO IT.

We insist on pleasing every purchaser at this store. Satisfied customers are our best advertisement. When you buy goods here your money has a string to it until you find your purchases satisfactory in every way. If not entirely as represented, through any fault of ours, you may pull the string and the money is back in your pocket again. Satisfied patrons or money refunded—that's our platform.

We know we are in position to sell you

Dependable Merchandise

at the very lowest price obtainable, style and quality considered. You are safe-guarded in purchasing at this store by the known reliability of the establishment. You always get what you pay for—often more, but never less. The position of this store assures purchasers the greatest values for their money.

Therefore it will certainly pay you to look through our line and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

GEO. A. ROSE COMPANY.

"THE STORE THAT SATISFIES."

BEES LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

CONTAINS MONEY AND TAR. CONFORMS TO NATIONAL PURE FOOD AND DRUGS LAW.

An improvement over many Cough, Lung and Bronchial Remedies, because it rids the system of a cold by acting as a cathartic on the bowels. No opiates. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Prepared by PINEULE MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

For Sale at Kerne-McNair's Drug Store.

KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

CONTAINS HONEY AND TAR. Mothers endorse it. Children like it. Tastes so good.

Nearly all other cough cures are constipating, especially those containing Opiates. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels, contains no Opiates.

For Sale at Parker's Two Drug Stores.

"Best in the World."

Favorite Steel Plate Ranges

EXCEL ALL OTHERS

Because they are

More Durable,

Bake Better,

Use Less Fuel.

Every one Guaranteed.

Do not buy a range or cooking stove until you have seen the FAVORITE.

D. W. HARDEE FURNITURE CO.

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE CO.

KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE HO

Best Cough Syrup, and Every Body

Statement

Showing the Per Diem and Mileage of the Board County Commissioners for Year Ending November 30th, 1907.

OFFICE REGISTER OF DEEDS OF VANCE COUNTY.

Henderson, N. C., November 27, 1907.

Pursuant to the provisions of Section 107 of the Code, the following statement of the per diem and mileage of all commissioners of Vance County to members of the Board of Commissioners, for the year ending November 30th, 1907, is submitted to the public.

Amount audited by the old Board.

DECEMBER, 1907.

Days Miles

James Amos, Chm. 1 0

J. A. Fleming 1 0

H. W. Crews 1 0

DECEMBER, 1907.

Days Miles

Jas. A. Kelly, Chm. 1 0

H. M. Hight 1 0

I. C. Bobbitt 1 0

W. B. Daniel 1 0

N. D. Boyd 1 0

JANUARY, 1907.

Days Miles

Jas. A. Kelly, Chm. 2 0

H. M. Hight 2 0

I. C. Bobbitt 2 0

W. B. Daniel 2 0

N. D. Boyd 2 0

FEBRUARY, 1907.

Days Miles

Jas. A. Kelly, Chm. 1 0

H. M. Hight 1 0

I. C. Bobbitt 1 0

W. B. Daniel 1 0

N. D. Boyd 1 0

MARCH, 1907.

Days Miles

Jas. A. Kelly, Chm. 2 0

H. M. Hight 2 0

I. C. Bobbitt 2 0

W. B. Daniel 2 0